





Rebecca Mc Doel Hickman

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
TREVINO

Ben Wickman

PHILIP THE KING
AND OTHER POEMS



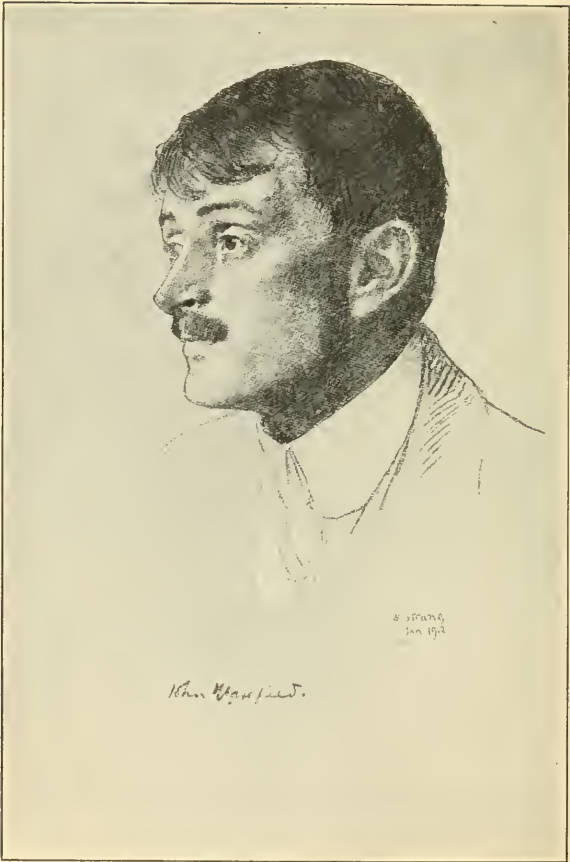
THE MACMILLAN COMPANY
NEW YORK · BOSTON · CHICAGO · DALLAS
ATLANTA · SAN FRANCISCO

MACMILLAN & CO., LIMITED
LONDON · BOMBAY · CALCUTTA
MELBOURNE

THE MACMILLAN CO. OF CANADA, LTD.
TORONTO



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation



8 strans,
Jan 1922

Wm. W. G. J. J.

PHILIP THE KING

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

JOHN MASEFIELD

New York

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

1915

All rights reserved

Copyright, 1913, by Harper and Brothers.
Copyright, 1914, by The Century Company and by
the McClure Publications.

COPYRIGHT, 1914,
BY THE MACMILLAN COMPANY.

Set up and electrotyped. Published November, 1914.
April, 1915.

Norwood Press
J. S. Cushing Co. — Berwick & Smith Co.
Norwood, Mass., U.S.A.

To
MY WIFE

CONTENTS

	PAGE
PHILIP THE KING	1
THE "WANDERER"	87
AUGUST, 1914	106
THE RIVER	112
WATCHING BY A SICK-BED	140

PHILIP THE KING

A PLAY IN ONE ACT

PERSONS

Philip the Second of Spain
His Daughter, the Infanta
An English Prisoner
A Spanish Captain
Guards

SPIRITS

Indians
Don John of Austria
Escovedo
Don Alvaro de Bazan, the Marquis of Santa Cruz
Alonso de Leyva

TIME

At dawn in late September, 1588

SCENE

A little dark cell in Philip's palace

PHILIP THE KING

PHILIP (*Kneeling*).

Lord, I am that Philip whom Thou hast made King of half the world. Thou knowest, Lord, how great a fleet I have fitted out to destroy the English, who work evil against Thee. Lord, I beseech Thee, keep that great Armada now, as I trust, in battle on the English coast. Protect my ships, O Lord, from fire and pestilence, from tempest and shipwreck, and in the day of battle. Amen. Amen.

Lord, now that the battle is joined, grant us Thy victory, I beseech Thee. Amen. Amen.

Lord, I beseech Thee to have in Thy special keeping my beloved friend, Alonso de Leyva,

now at sea with my fleet. Guard his ways,
O Lord, that so he may come safely home to
me. Amen. Amen.

Lord, of Thy mercy, I beseech Thee to
send to me, if it be Thy will, some word or
message from my fleet, that I may know
Thy will concerning it, that my weary heart
may find peace. Amen. Amen.

(He rises.)

Enter the PRINCESS.

PRINCESS.

Has no news come?

PHILIP.

None yet.

PRINCESS.

Still nothing?

PHILIP.

No.

PRINCESS.

Two months now since they sailed and still
no word.

PHILIP.

The wind is foul ; they cannot send.

PRINCESS.

I know.

And yet what tales, what rumours we have
heard.

How the heart sickens for the want of news.

Is that a courier ?

PHILIP.

No.

PRINCESS.

What if we lose ?

PHILIP.

Why should we lose ?

PRINCESS.

Because of too much pride
Planning for glory not as scripture bade.

PHILIP.

I am not proud nor hopeful, nor afraid.

But you are trembling, sweet, and heavy-
eyed.

PRINCESS.

I am afraid, for all night long
The spirit of Spain's committed wrong,
Nourished wherever a life was shed,
 Stood near my bed;
And all night long it talked to me
Of a trouble there is beyond the sea.
A trouble of war . . . I heard a horn
 Blowing forlorn,
And I knew that it came from far away,
From men of Spain in a pass at bay
Blowing for help; the beaten call
None heeds at all.
And now I fear that we have angered Him
 Who makes pride dim.

PHILIP.

What we have done with our might
Cannot be hateful to God.
He speaks with dreams in the night
That the tired heart turn home

And an end of brooding come.
My heart has flushed in His praise,
The glow in my heart took sail
In a fleet that darkens the sprays;
Sacrifice may not avail,
But the uttermost gift is wise.

PRINCESS.

Yes, I believe that ; and the deed is grand —
It is a mighty blow to deal for God.
But in my ear there rings
Ill-omened words about the pride of kings —
“Pride is the evil that destroys a land.”

PHILIP.

Brooding and watching waste you, you must
sleep ;
The hand of God will bring us through the
deep.

PRINCESS.

Amen, my father, but my heart is breaking.

PHILIP.

You are too young for heart-break ; let it be.

PRINCESS.

There was another fear which kept me
waking :

Spain's unborn monarchs came by night to
me,

Each holding fewer of the Spanish gems
Here and abroad, each weaker in the soul.
With wearier brows and dimmer diadems,
And feebler fingers giving up control,
Till, as it seemed, a hundred years from now,
An idiot child was all the might of Spain,
And English spirits beat them on the brow,
Robbing their gems and binding them with
chain.

And Spain's proud flag was draggled in the
sea.

And then these shapes lamented, threaten-
ing me ;

Saying that we began Spain's downfall
here —

So grimly, father, that I shook with fear.

PHILIP.

Child, these are only dreams. I have
learned this

Since I have been a king, that our concern
Is not with Hope nor Fear, but with what is,
Which, when we follow dreams, we cannot
learn.

Be patient, child; besides, the wind has
changed;

God's will must never find our hearts
estranged:

The wind is north, the news may come to-day.
Ship after ship is running down the Bay
With news; God grant that it be happy
news.

PRINCESS.

Rest till it comes, dear father.

PHILIP.

You can choose,
You who are young, whether to rest or no ;
When one is old one sees the hours go.
Dear, they go fast from withered men like
me.

You were my little daughter on my knee
When first this war with England was con-
ceived.

Now you are this . . . , it would not be
believed,
And nothing done, and still time hurrying
by.

We are two grey old partners — Time and I :
Look at the work we do . . . you talk of
rest.

PRINCESS.

You call your Captains in and choose the
best,
And make him do the work.

PHILIP.

Ah, you're a Queen,
That is what you would do, but I am King.
Kings have no beauty to make duty keen ;
They have to supervise with whip and sting.

PRINCESS.

You do not whip men ; you are good and
mild.

PHILIP.

Artists and Kings do what they can, my child,
Not what they would. It is not easy, dear,
Working with men, for men are only clay,
They crumble in the hand, or they betray
And time goes by, but no results appear —
Your little hands have happier work than
mine.

Ah, little daughter, childhood is divine.)

PRINCESS.

I am no child now that the fleet has sailed ;
I was till then, but now I realize
What it would cost my father if it failed.

PHILIP.

Yes, it has cost some life, this enterprise.

PRINCESS.

But all you had to do was give the word.

PHILIP.

Ah, darling, many thousand men have heard
Orders from me since this attempt began
Seventeen years ago. Full many a man
Who helped the earliest outlines of the plot
Died at his unknown task suspecting not
What pattern his life's colour helped to weave.
Child, if I told you, you would not believe
How this idea has triumphed on unchanged
Past great commanders' deaths, past faith
 estranged,
Past tyranny and bloodshed and ill-hap,
Treachery striking like a thunder-clap,
Murder, betrayal, lying, past all these,
Past the grim days when feelings had to
 freeze

Lest the great King should drop his mask of
lies

And hint his purpose to the thwarted spies,
Past half a world of men and years of thought,
Past human hope, to be the thing I sought.
Now that the dice are scattered for the stakes,
I half forget that old affront of Drake's,
By which this war with England was begun.
O child, the labour that must first be done
Before a King can act! — unending work.

All the long days of beating down the Turk,
Then when Don John had thrust the Cres-
cent down

(You cannot know) he plotted for the crown;
Don John, my Admiral, plotted against me.
He would have sunk the English in the sea,
But since he plotted, that was ended too.
Then a great world of labour still to do,
The French to check, and then the Portu-
guese,

Clearing myself a pathway through the seas.
Then, when my way was clear, my Admiral
died,
The Marquis Santa Cruz, the unconquered
guide,
The greatest sea commander of known times.
Seventeen years of subtleties and crimes.

But it is done. I have resolved those years,
Those men, those crimes, those great at-
tempts, those tears,
Sorrows and terrors of a twisted earth,
Into this fleet, this death, this Dragon's
birth ;
I who have never seen it, nor shall see.

PRINCESS.

I shall thank God that it was shown to me ;
I saw it sail.

PHILIP.

You saw my heart's blood, child.

PRINCESS.

All a long summer day those ships defiled.
I never saw so many nor so grand ;
They wandered down the tide and cleared
 the land,
And ranked themselves like pikemen, clump
 to clump.
Then in the silence came the Admiral's
 trump,
And from those hundreds of expectant ships,
From bells and cannonade and sailors' lips,
And from the drums and trumpets of the
 foot
Burst such a roaring thunder of salute
As filled my heart with wonder like a cup.
They cheered St. James's banner going up —
Golden St. James, whose figure blew out
 fair,
High on the flagship's mast in the blue air,
Rippling the gold. Then all the city bells,

Fired like the singing spheres some spirit
impels,

Rang in the rocking belfries, the guns roared,
Each human soul there shook like tautened
cord.

And to that Christian march the singing
priests

Bore up the blessed banners. Even the
beasts

Ramped at the challenge of that shouting
crowd.

Then, as the wind came fair, the Armada
bowed.

Those hundreds of great vessels, ranked in
line,

Buried their bows and heaped the bubbled
brine

In gleams before them. So they marched;
the van,

Led by De Leyva, like slipped greyhounds, ran

To spy the English. On the right and left
By Valdes and his friend the seas were cleft ;
Moncada's gallies weltered like a weir,
Flanking Recalde, bringing up the rear,
While in the midst St. James's banner
marched,
Blowing towards England till the flagpole
arched.

Onward they swept the sea, the flagship's
side
Smoked from her cannon's hail ; she took
her stride,
Leaned and stretched forward.

I was conscious then
That I beheld the greatest fleet that men
Ever sent seaward ; all the world was there,
All nations that begem the crown you
wear,
Pikemen of Rome, whose settled pikes had
stood

Stern in full many a welter of man's blood.
Cunning Levantines, armed with crooked
swords,
Venetians bronzed, the ocean's overlords,
Pisans and knights of Malta, Ferrarese,
Passionate half-bloods from the Indian seas,
Hollanders, Austrians, even English, come
To bring again religion to their home ;
Spain too, our Andalusians, and the hale
Iberian Basquers used to hunt the whale —
The flower of the knighthood of the world
Mustered beneath the banner you unfurled.

* * * * *

And that was but the half, for there in
France
Was Parma's army ready to advance,
Death-coupled bloodhounds straining to the
slip,
Waiting your navy's coming to take ship.
Father, such power awed me.

PHILIP.

Time and I

Worked for long years.

PRINCESS.

And when it had passed by
The bells were silent, and a sigh arose
Of joy in that fleet's pride, and grief for
those
Who, even if all went well, had looked their
last
On men and women who had made their
past.
Then darkness came, and all that I could
see
Was the horizon where the fleet must be —
A dimming skyline with a setting star.
It was as though they died; and now, who
knows
What has befallen them, or where they
are?

And night by sleepless night my trouble
grows.

This daily silence has been hard to bear,
But now I dread news worse.

PHILIP.

We must prepare,
Hoping the best, but ready for the worst ;
But patient still, for rumour must come
first —

Rumour and broken news and seamen's
lies ;

Patience, expecting nothing, is most wise.
If God vouchsafes it, we shall hear to-day.
Lighten your heart, my daughter.

PRINCESS.

I will pray —
Pray for a Spanish triumph.

PHILIP.

Pray for me.
Pray for God's cause adventured on the sea.

PRINCESS.

I will; God help my prayer.

PHILIP.

God help us both.

[She goes.]

Lord, I have laboured long to keep my
oath,

And since my loved one died it has been
hard.

O Lord, my God, in blessed mercy guard
My only friend De Leyva, now at sea;
Keep him, O Lord, and bring him home to
me.

O Lord, be thou his bulwark and his
guide;

I am so lonely since my loved one died.

How splendidly the nations hold their way,
Marching with banners through the fields
of Time!

Who sees the withered King weary and grey,
 Prompting it all with secret lust or crime?
 Who guesses at the heavy brain behind?
 I am Earth's greatest man; the world is
 blind.

(He droops over his papers. Starting up.)

I have still strength, and I must read these
 scrolls,
 Or else all goes to ruin; I must read.

(He sleeps.)

VOICES.

Philip!

PHILIP.

Who calls?

The INDIANS enter.

VOICES.

We are the Indian souls,
 Loosed from the gold-mines where our
 brothers bleed.
 We swell the tale of blood: we dug you
 gold;

We bore your burdens till we died of
thirst ;

We sweated in the mines or shook with
cold,

Washing the gravel which the blast had
burst.

We dived for pearls until our eyeballs
bled ;

You burned us till we told where treasure
lay.

We were your Indian slaves, but we are
dead ;

Our red account is cast and you must pay.

A VOICE.

Our lives paid for your fleet ; you pay for
us.

The unjustly killed restore the balance thus.

A VOICE.

They flung my little baby to the hounds.

A VOICE.

They took my daughter from me for their
lust.

A VOICE.

Even the weak are strong beyond life's
bounds;
We myriad weak add power to the
thrust.

VOICES.

Philip! Philip! Philip!

We gather from over the sea
To the justice that has to be
While the blind red bull goes on.

Philip! Philip! Philip!

We who were ciphers slain
In a tale of the pride of Spain
Are a part of her glory gone.

A VOICE.

We see them where our will can help their
foes.

A VOICE.

Quick, brother, quick! another galleon
goes!

Waken those sleeping gunners by the fire,
Or she'll escape unracked. [*They fade away.*]

PHILIP.

The voices tire.

They go. I dreamed. I slept. My heavy
head

Is drowsed. What man is that?

(DON JOHN *appears, with ESCOVEDO be-
hind him.*)

VOICE OF DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA.

I am the dead;

I am your brother, Philip — brother John.

PHILIP.

You corpse-fetch from the unclean grave,
begone!

I had no brother.

DON JOHN.

Would you never had!

PHILIP.

You were a landmark of my father's sin,
Never my brother.

DON JOHN.

I was that bright lad,
Your father's son, my brother; I helped
win
Great glory for you, Philip.

PHILIP.

I agreed
To overlook your bastardy, my friend,
So long as your bright talents served my
need;
But you presumed, and so it had to end.

DON JOHN.

My talents served you well.

PHILIP.

They did, at first.

DON JOHN.

I won the Battle of Lepanto for you.

PHILIP.

And afterwards you killed my troops with
thirst,

Following a crazy scheme which overbore
you.

DON JOHN.

Not crazy, unsuccessful.

PHILIP.

Poor vain ghost,
Poor flickering candle that was bright
awhile.

DON JOHN.

I was the man whom Europe worshipped
most,

One with a mighty plan which you thought
guile.

Why did you kill me, Philip?

PHILIP.

You betrayed me,

Or would have, traitor, had I not been wise.

DON JOHN.

I was your board's best piece, you should
 have played me,
Now I am dead and earth is in my eyes.
I could have won you England. I had
 planned
To conquer England. I had all prepared
Ships, soldiers, money, but your cruel hand
Killed me, and nothing's done and noth-
 ing's dared.

PHILIP.

You planned to conquer England and be
 King ;
Those who obstruct my path I sweep aside.

DON JOHN.

Brother, there is a time for everything ;
That was the time for England, but
 I died ;
Now you attempt too late,
The powers have closed the gate,

Destiny enters by another door,
The lost chance comes no more.

THE VOICE OF ESCOVEDO.

Philip, he tells the truth. We could have
won
England for you, we were no plotters then.

VOICES.

Philip, you were betrayed, you were un-
done.
You had the moment, but you killed the
men.

ESCOVEDO.

The liar, Perez, tricked you. O great
King!
We would have added England to your
crown,
Now the worms cling
About our lips deep down.
You had me stabbed at midnight going
home

That man of Perez' stabbed me in the
back.

And then I could not stir, down on the
loam ;

The sky was full of blood, the stars were
black.

And then I knew my wife and children
waited

But that I could not come ; a moving hand
Had interposed a something fated
'Twixt us and what we planned.

DON JOHN.

You had me poisoned in that Holland den,
Outcast, alone, without the help of men.

We planned a glorious hour
Hoisting the banner of Spain
On the top of London Tower,
With England a Spanish fief.

Life cannot happen again,
And doing dies with the brain ;

Autumn ruins the flower
And after the flower the leaf.

VOICES.

Philip, Philip, Philip!
The evil men do has strength,
It gathers behind the veils
While the unjust thing prevails.
While the pride of life is strong,
But the balance tips at length,
And the unjust things are tales,
The pride of life is a song.

PHILIP.

I kept my purpose while you lived. Shall I
Be weaker, now that you are dead, you
things?
What can such reedy wretches do but die
Standing against the purposes of Kings?

DON JOHN.

Do? We can thwart you.

VOICES.

And we will, we will ;
 All Spain's unjustly murdered work you ill.
 Gather against him, gather, mock him
 down.

THE VOICE OF THE MARQUIS OF SANTA
 CRUZ.

Scatter, you shadows, fly. Philip, great
 King.

You vultures gathered in an unclean ring ;
 Away, you shadows, scatter.

They are gone,

Philip.

The MARQUIS enters.

PHILIP.

Who calls ?

SANTA CRUZ.

Master.

PHILIP.

Let me dream on.

Whose voice was that ? It warned me of
 defeat.

SANTA CRUZ.

I am that Santa Cruz who built your fleet,
And died to make it good. It was my
child.

I call because my work has been defiled.

PHILIP.

Why rail, uneasy soul?

SANTA CRUZ.

If I had spent
Less life in that, I should be still alive,
Commanding what I built to my content,
Driving the English slaves as conquerors
drive.

Why did you give away my splendid sword,
Forged by a never-conquered captain's
brain,

Into the hoof-hand of an ambling lord,
Useless in all things, but to ruin Spain?

Would God I had but guessed it! Would
my stars

Had shown me clearer what my death
would bring,
I would have burned those galleons, guns
and spars,
Soldiers and all, and so have stopped this
thing.
And doing that I should have served you
well,
And brought less ruin on this lovely land.
What folly from the unfed brain of hell
Made you promote that thing to my com-
mand? —
Folly from which so many men must die.

PHILIP.

We stand against all comers, Time and I.
I chose the Duke because I wanted one . . .
Who . . .

SANTA CRUZ.

Give no reason for the evil done.
Souls wrestle from the ever deedless grave

To do, not to hear reason. Oh, great King,
You still may save the ruin of this thing!

PHILIP.

You speak of ruin. Tell me what you see.

SANTA CRUZ.

Ruin that threatens, but need never be.
Be silent, Philip; listen while I tell
What you must do.

PHILIP.

You are a voice from hell;
I will not listen to these obscene dreams.

SANTA CRUZ.

Life is a heavy cloud, through which come
gleams.

Oh, Philip, let me speak! Philip, I say,
One way can still be tried; I see the way.
You must do this, but listen.

PHILIP.

I still doubt.

SANTA CRUZ.

Listen, great King; the light is dying out.
You are fading from me, Philip; they are
coming.

Before it is too late for ever send . . .

PHILIP.

Send?

SANTA CRUZ.

Yes.

PHILIP.

To whom?

SANTA CRUZ.

To . . .

VOICES.

Drown his voice with drumming;
Pipe with the Inca conch, the Indian flute.
What red flowers spring from this blood-
sprinkled root!

PHILIP.

What name was that you said?

SANTA CRUZ.

Wait, Philip — wait;

They are so many and so full of hate.

VOICES.

Call to your monarch, Marquis — call again.

PHILIP.

Something he meant is knocking at my
brain —

Knocking for entrance. Marquis!

SANTA CRUZ.

Philip! King!

PHILIP.

What must I do?

SANTA CRUZ.

Oh, fiends!

VOICES.

Ah, conquerors, sing!

Now we have triumphed.

We have torn the flag.

Dance in a ring, victorious spirits, dance;

Brought to a byword is the Spanish brag,

And ruined is the grand inheritance.

Mourn, wretched Philip, for your plans are
checked;

Your colonies defenceless ; your sweet faith
Mocked by the heretics ; your ships are
wrecked ;

The strength of Spain has dwindled to a
wraith.

Aha ! you beaten King, you blinded fool !
Scream, for the empire tumbles from your
rule.

PHILIP.

God will deliver me ; you are but words
Called in the night-time by malignant birds
But who are you ?

The figure of DE LEYVA enters.

VOICE OF DE LEYVA.

I am De Leyva, come
Out of the sea, my everlasting home,
To whisper comfort to my ruined friend.
Dear, I am dead, but friendship cannot end ;
Love does not die, and I am with you here.
Often in sorrow you will feel me near,

Feel me, but never speak, nor hear me speak.
Philip, whatever bitter Fate may wreak
On Spain and you, remember I am here,
The dead are bound to those they held most
dear.

PHILIP.

Dreams of the night. I dreamed De Leyva
came.

VOICES.

Awake to hear the story of your shame.

(They cry. A gun is shot off. Bells.)

PHILIP.

(Rousing.) I dreamed I was defeated like
those men

Whom I defeated; I have felt their woe.

What is this noise? A message?

Enter then.

PRINCESS.

A prisoner comes with news of victory.

PHILIP.

So.

Victory comes! We win!

PRINCESS.

The fleet has won!

PHILIP.

Thanks be to God on high.

PRINCESS.

His will be done.

PHILIP.

Lord, help me use this victory for Thy praise.

Lord, Thou hast burst this night of many
days

With glorious morning and my heart is full.

O God, my God, Thy ways are wonderful!

Bring me the prisoner.

PRINCESS.

He brought this letter.

An Englishman is brought in.

PHILIP.

You are an Englishman?

PRISONER.

Yes, your Majesty.

PHILIP.

This letter says that you can tell me how things have fared. Tell me your story.

PRISONER.

I was at sea, my lord, fishing, some fifteen miles south-west from Falmouth. We were not expecting the Spanish fleet, our cruisers had said it was not coming. It was hazy summer weather and early morning. We could hear that we were among a big fleet, and when the haze lifted your ships were all round us, so we were taken aboard an admiral's ship. A dark man the admiral was, with a very quick way; he was not the chief admiral, but an Admiral Recalde, with the rearguard.

PHILIP.

Where was the English fleet at that time? Was it expecting us?

PRISONER.

No, your honour. It was windbound in Plymouth, unprepared, as I told your admiral. Then I was taken down below.

PHILIP.

Did our fleet enter Plymouth, then?

PRISONER.

No, my lord, and I could not think why, for the wind held and they had only to sail straight in. The day passed.

The next day there was firing, and I thought "The English have got out of the trap at least," but the firing died down, and I concluded the English were beaten.

PHILIP.

Yes?

PRISONER.

I thought the ships would put ashore then to take what they had won, but they kept at sea some days, though there was firing every day, sometimes very heavy. They said

they were burning all the English towns as they passed, and then going to France to fetch an army; and after some nights I was brought ashore in Calais to come to your Majesty.

PHILIP.

What did you see in Calais?

PRISONER.

It was dark night, my lord, when they sent me in. I saw the road full of shipping, lit up like a town.

PHILIP.

What was the feeling among you English prisoners? That the Spaniards had prospered?

PRISONER.

Yes, my lord. You had reached your army, which was all your intent. You had only to take it across the Channel; the wind was fair for that.

PHILIP.

So then you started for Spain. You know no more of what happened?

PRISONER.

No, my lord, except that looking back from a hilltop, I saw a great glare over Calais.

PHILIP.

Something was burning there?

PRISONER.

It was the bonfires, my lord, to give them light; they were embarking the army. Then in France later on we heard that Drake had been sunk off Calais with fifteen ships. A man said he had seen it. That is all I know, my lord.

PHILIP.

What you say will be proved. You will be returned to England. Treat this man well. [Exit PRISONER.]

PRINCESS.

Father, what blessed news!

PHILIP.

We have not failed ;
But then he hardly knew. The letter here
Shows that our navy partly has prevailed.

PRINCESS.

The news has spread.

CRIES WITHOUT.

Long live King Philip! Cheer!

CRIES.

Cheer our great King! Long live our noble
King.

Beat "Santiago," drummers.

PRINCESS.

Hark! they sing.
The court is dark with people, but more
come.

CRIES.

Long live King Philip!

A GREAT VOICE.

Silence for the drum!

And when the drum beats, we will lift our
thanks

Till his heart triumphs.

Silence in the ranks!

Eyes front! O people, listen! Our attempt
Has triumphed more than our desires dreamt.
England is ours. Give thanks. Sound
trumpets. Sing!

CRIES.

Philip, Philip the King! God save the
King!

Philip the conqueror! Philip!

(A strange cry.)

PRINCESS.

Oh, look! look! . . .

Just as they cheered, the palace banners
shook,

They took it for a sign.

The guards are there,
Look, and the monks are forming in the
square

Bringing the blessed relics. Oh, my dear!
I am so happy. Listen how they cheer.
Father, they're cheering because Spain has
won.

All you have hoped and striven for is done.
I hardly dare believe it.

CRIES.

Long live Spain.

PRINCESS.

O, there are horsemen, I must look again!

CRIES.

There is the Princess at the window. See?
God save you, little lady. Which is she?
There. Is the King there? No. He must
be. Yes.

God save your Grace. He's there with the
Princess.

PHILIP.

Stand farther back; they saw you.

PRINCESS.

Oh, not now!

They called 'God save me,' father; let me
bow.

PHILIP.

Bow, then, my dear.

CRIES.

God save your pretty face.

PRINCESS.

Father, do come, they want you.

CRIES.

Bless your Grace.

God save the King — King Philip.

PRINCESS.

Father dear,

They're calling for you; stand beside me
here.

PHILIP.

Not yet. It is not time.

CRIES.

Philip the King!

PRINCESS.

Oh, father, come! It is a thrilling thing
To know they won, and hear these shouts of
praise.

CRIES.

God save the King! God send him many
days!

Philip the King, the conqueror of the sea!
St. James for Spain, King Philip, victory!
King Philip! Santiago!

PRINCESS.

Father.

PHILIP.

Wait!

Kings must not yield them at too cheap a
rate.

VOICES.

Philip the King! The English are destroyed!
God save him! Victory! We are overjoyed!

Let the bells ring! King Philip! Philip!
King!

Ring the Cathedral bells — ay, let them ring!
St. James for Spain! King Philip! Clear
the guns! (*Guns shot off.*)

King Philip, fire — fire all at once!

King Philip, fire! King Philip, fire! St.
James!

Thank God, the King of kings, the Name of
names!

Fire, King Philip! Santiago, fire!

Give thanks to God who gives us our desire!

Philip, God save and bless him!

PHILIP (*going to window*).

I will speak.

VOICES.

Fire! He's there! King Philip!

PHILIP.

Man is weak.

VOICES.

He's there!

PRINCESS.

Oh, father, look!

PHILIP.

Stand at my side.

VOICES.

God bless and guard our blessed country's
guide!

King Philip, fire! The King!

(The bells begin.)

PRINCESS.

Oh, bells of joy!

And now the monks are singing.

THE MONKS.

Let us give thanks unto the Lord of lords,
Who saves His faithful from the Egyptian
swords.

VOICES.

Amen. God save the King.

THE MONKS.

He made the Red Sea waters to divide,
And led our Israel through with Him for guide.

VOICES.

Amen. God save the King! Philip the
King!

PHILIP.

O God, I thank Thee for this marvellous
thing.

THE MONKS.

He whelmed King Pharaoh's army in the sea,
And of His mercy gave us victory.

VOICES.

The famous kings are blown like chaff
Before Thy fiery car.
Thou smit'st th' ungodly with Thy staff . . .
Philip the King! God save our prudent
King!

PHILIP.

My subjects, whom God gave me for His
ends . . .

PRINCESS.

Whatever pain you bore, this makes amends.

VOICES.

Speak to your loving hearts, your Majesty.

PHILIP.

I do His will; to God the glory be.

THE MONKS.

Praise Him, O sun and moon, morning and
evening star!

The kings who mocked His word are broken
in the war.

Praise Him with heart and soul! Praise
Him with voice and lute!

VOICES.

The King! God save the King! Silence!
He speaks. Salute!

THE MONKS.

In the dark night, ere dawn, we will arise
and sing

Glory to God on high, the praises of our King.

VOICES.

The King is going to speak. He makes a
sign.

God bless your noble Grace and all your line!

God bless you, Sir, for all your thought for us!
The conquering King, Philip victorious!
Philip the great and good! Hush! Silence!
Peace!

Philip! Attention! Bid the ringers cease.
The King is going to speak; he raised his
hand.

PRINCESS.

Dear, to be loved as you are is most grand.
Speak to them, father; thank them for their
love.

THE MONKS.

I will exalt the Name of God above.

VOICES.

The bells are hushed. Be quiet! Silence
all!

PHILIP.

I thought I heard, far off, a funeral call;
As in your dream, a melancholy cry.

PRINCESS.

It was the fifes.

PHILIP.

No; listen!

PRINCESS.

That sound?

PHILIP.

Ay.

PRINCESS.

It was the crowd outside. Now they are
still.

PHILIP.

No; it was singing coming up the hill —
Sad singing, too.

PRINCESS.

I did not hear it.

PHILIP.

There!

PRINCESS.

The bells have left a trembling in the air.

PHILIP.

No; it was voices. I will speak one word
To these below. There is the noise I heard

(RECALDE'S *men are heard singing.*)

RECALDE'S MEN.

Out of the deep, out of the deep, we come,
 Preserved from death at sea to die at home.
 Mercy of God alone preserved us thus ;
 In the waste sea Death laid his hand on us.

PRINCESS.

The Black Monks in a penitential psalm.

VOICES.

Philip the King!

PHILIP.

I'll wait.

PRINCESS.

Oh, speak!

PHILIP.

Be calm!

I cannot cross God's word with words of
 mine.

VOICES.

Quiet, you singers!

PRINCESS.

They are men in line.

(RECALDE'S *men* are heard singing.)

RECALDE'S MEN.

We called the world too small with boast-
ful lips;

Now we are ghosts crawled from the bones
of ships.

We were most glorious at our setting sail;
Now our knees knock, our broken spirits fail.

Our banner is abased and all our pride:

A tale of ships that sank and men who died.

PRINCESS.

Listen! Who are they?

PHILIP.

What is it they sing?

VOICES.

The King is speaking. Silence for the
King!

Let the King speak; be still. You ragged
crew,

Have you no manners? Silence! Who are
you?

RECALDE'S MEN.

We are the beaten men, the men accursed,
Whose bitter glory 'tis t' have borne the
worst.

PRINCESS.

They are not monks.

PHILIP.

Nor beggars.

PRINCESS.

Now they stand.

VOICES.

Yon navy's sweepings driven back to
land.

Go to the hens and tunnies; beat them
down

Back to the sea you ran from; back and
drown.

RECALDE'S MEN.

Pity our shame, you untried heroes here.
Defeat's not victory, but 'tis bought as
dear.

PHILIP.

They are sailors from the fleet.

PRINCESS.

They come with news.

They are ragged to the skin, they have no shoes.

PHILIP.

The crowd is still.

PRINCESS.

Why do they come like this?

PHILIP.

Listen ; their Captain tells them what it is.

RECALDE'S MEN.

Darken the bedrooms for us, people all,
And let us turn our faces to the wall,
And let the darkness and the silence make
A quiet time in which our hearts may
break.

(A murmur runs through the Court.)

PRINCESS.

Father, what is it?

PHILIP.

Child, the Act of One
Who chastens earthly kings, whose Will
be done.

PRINCESS.

It means that we are beaten?

PHILIP.

Who can tell?

PRINCESS.

Father.

PHILIP.

Dear child, even defeat is well.

PRINCESS.

I thought that we were happy.

PHILIP.

Watch the square.

Now tell me calmly what is passing there.

PRINCESS.

The Captain comes, the crowd is making
way.

PHILIP.

Who is it? Can you see?

PRINCESS.

His hair is grey.

He walks bareheaded, slowly, and the crowd
Shrink as though Death were passing in
his shroud.

PHILIP.

Worse news has come. Who is the man?

PRINCESS.

His face . . .

I seem to know him, but the air is strange.
He puts the touch of Death upon the place.
Nothing but Death could fashion such a
change.

He carries something. Now the people
kneel.

We are defeated, Father.

PHILIP.

What I feel

I cover. Go within. Misfortune stuns

None but the tender. [*Exit* PRINCESS.]

VOICES.

Give us back our sons.

Philip, give back our sons, our lovely sons.

THE PALACE GUARD.

Halt! Who comes there?

A VOICE.

Spain and the Empire.

THE GUARD.

Pass,

Spain and the Empire.

VOICES.

They are drowned. Alas!

Philip, give back our sons, our lovely sons.

Enter MESSENGER, carrying an Admiral's chain.

PHILIP.

What brings you to me, Captain?

MESSENGER.

This gold chain . . .

Bears the twelve badges of the strength of
Spain

Once linked in glory, Philip, but now
loosed.

(Detaching link from link.)

Castilla, Leon, Aragon, and these,
Palestine, Portugal, the Sicilies,
Navarre, Granada, the Valencian State,
The Indies, East and West, the Archducate,
The Western Mainland in the Ocean Sea.
Those who upheld their strength have
ceased to be.

I, who am dying, King, have seen their graves.
Philip, your Navy is beneath the waves.

PHILIP.

He who in bounty gives in wisdom takes.

MESSENGER.

O King, forgive me, for my spirit breaks;
I saw those beaches where the Grange de-
scends
White with unburied corpses of stripped
friends.

PHILIP.

I grieve that Spain's disaster brings such
loss.

MESSENGER.

From Pentland to the Groyne the tempests
toss
Unshriven Spaniards driving with the tide.
They were my lovely friends and they have
died,
Far from wind-broken Biscay, far from
home,
With no anointing chrism but the foam.

PHILIP.

The dead will rise from unsuspected slime ;
God's chosen will be gathered in God's time.

MESSENGER.

King, they died helpless ; our unwieldy fleet
Made such a target to the English guns
That we were riddled through like sifted
wheat.

We never came to grappling with them
once.

They raked us from a distance, and then
ran.

Each village throughout Spain has lost a
man ;

The widows in the seaports fill the streets.

PHILIP.

Uncertain chance decides the fate of fleets.

MESSENGER.

Now the North Sea is haunted for all
time

By miserable souls whose dying words
Cursed the too proud adventure as a crime.
Our broken galleons house the gannet-
birds.

The Irish burn our Captain's bones for
lime.

O misery that the might of England
wrought !

PHILIP.

Christ is the only remedy for thought
When the mind sickens. We are pieces
 played,
Not moving as we will, but as we are
 made ;
Beaten and spurred at times like stubborn
 steeds,
That we may go God's way. Your spirit
 bleeds,
Having been proved in trouble past her
 strength.
Give me the roll in all its ghastly length.
Which of my friends survive, if any live?

MESSENGER.

Some have survived, but all are fugitive.
Your Admiral in command is living still ;
Michael Oquendo too, though he is ill,
Dying of broken heart and bitter shame.
Valdes is prisoner, Manrique the same.

PHILIP.

God willed the matter; they are not to
blame.

Thank God that they are living. Name
the rest.

MESSENGER.

They are all dead . . . with him you loved
the best.

PHILIP.

I dreamed De Leyva died, so it is true?

MESSENGER.

Drowned on the Irish coast with all his
crew.

After enduring dying many days
The sea has given him quiet. Many ways
Lead men to death, and he a hard one
trod,
Bearing much misery, like a knight of God.

PHILIP.

Amen. Go on.

MESSENGER.

Hugh de Monçada died,
Shot in his burning ship by Calais side,
Cheering his men to save her. Pimentel
Sank in a galleon shambled like a hell
Rather than yield, and in a whirl of flames
Pedro Mendoza, Captain of St. James,
Stood with Don Philip thrusting boarders
 back
Till their Toledan armour was burnt black,
And both their helms ran blood. And there
 they fell,
Shot down to bleed to death. They per-
 ished well,
Happy to die in battle for their King
Before defeat had fallen on their friends;
Happier than most, for where the merrows
 sing
Paredes and his brother met their ends,
And Don Alarcon, cast alive ashore,

Was killed and stripped and hanged upon a
tree.

And young Mendoza, whom the flagship
bore,

Died of starvation and of misery.

But hundreds perished, King; why men-
tion these?

Battle and hunger, heart-break, and the
seas

Have overwhelmed the chivalry of Spain.

PHILIP.

Misfortune, after effort, brings no stain.

Perhaps I underjudged the English fleet.

How was it that the Spaniards met defeat?

What evil fortune brought about our fall?

MESSENGER.

Their sailors and their cannon did it all.

PHILIP.

Yet when the fleet reached Calais all went
well.

MESSENGER.

Our woes began there.

PHILIP.

Tell me what befell.

MESSENGER.

We were to ship the troops in Calais Road ;
They lay encamped, prepared to go aboard.
To windward still the English fleet abode —
Still as in port when peace has been restored.

The wind and sea were fair,
We lay at anchor there ;
The stars burned in the air,
The men were sleeping,
When in the midnight dark
Our watchman saw a spark
Suddenly light a bark
With long flames leaping.

Then, as they stood amazed,
Others and others blazed ;

Then terror set them crazed,
They ran down screaming :
“Fire-ships are coming! Wake
Cast loose, for Jesus’ sake!
Eight fire-ships come from Drake —
Look at their gleaming!”

Roused in the dark from bed,
We saw the fire show red,
And instant panic spread
Through troops and sailors ;
They swarmed on deck unclad,
They did what terror bade,
King, they were like the mad
Escaped from jailers.

Some prayed for mercy, some
Rang bells or beat the drum,
As though despair had come
At hell’s contriving ;

Captains with terror pale
Screamed through the dark their hail,
“Cut cable, loose the sail,
And set all driving!”

Heading all ways at once,
Grinding each other's guns,
Our blundering galleons
Athwart-hawse galleys,
Timbers and plankings cleft,
And half our tackling reft,
Your grand Armada left
The roads of Calais.

Weary and overwrought
We strove to make all tau ;
But when the morning brought
The dawn to light us,
Drake, with the weather gage,
Made signal to engage,

And, like a pard in rage,
Bore down to fight us.

Nobly the English line
Trampled the bubbled brine;
We heard the gun-trucks whine
To the taut laniard.
Onwards we saw them forge,
White billowing at the gorge.
“On, on!” they cried, “St. George!
Down with the Spaniard!”

From their van squadron broke
A withering battle-stroke,
Tearing our plankèd oak
By straiks asunder,
Blasting the wood like rot
With such a hail of shot,
So constant and so hot
It beat us under.

The English would not close ;
They fought us as they chose,
Dealing us deadly blows
For seven hours.
Lords of our chiefest rank
The bitter billow drank,
For there the English sank
Three ships of ours.

* * * * *

Then the wind forced us northward from
the fight ;
We could not ship the army nor return ;
We held the sea in trouble through the night,
Watching the English signals blink and burn.
The English in a dim cloud kept astern ;
All night they signalled, while our shattered
ships
Huddled like beasts beneath the drovers'
whips.

* * * * *

At dawn the same wind held; we could
not strive.

The English drove us north as herdsmen
drive.

* * * * *

Under our tattered flags,
With rigging cut to rags,
Our ships like stricken stags
Were heaped and hounded.
Caught by the unknown tide,
With neither chart nor guide,
We fouled the Holland side,
Where four more grounded.

Our water-casks were burst,
The horses died of thirst,
The wounded raved and curst,
Uncared, untended.
All night we heard the crying
Of lonely shipmates dying;

We had to leave them lying.

So the fight ended.

PHILIP.

God gives His victory as He wills. But
this

Was not complete destruction. What
thing worse

Came to destroy you?

MESSENGER.

An avenging curse,
Due for old sins, destroyed us.

PHILIP.

Tell the tale.

MESSENGER.

O King, when morning dawned it blew a
gale,

But still the English followed, and we fled
Till breakers made the dirty waters pale.

We saw the Zealand sandbanks right ahead,
Blind in a whirling spray that gave us dread ;

For we were blown there, and the water
shoaled.

The crying of the leadsmen at the lead,
Calling the soundings, were our death-
bells tolled.

We drifted down to death upon the sands —
The English drew away to watch us drown ;
We saw the bitter breakers with grey
hands

Tear the dead body of the sandbank brown.
We could do nothing, so we drifted down
Singing the psalms for death — we who
had been

Lords of the sea and knights of great re-
nown,

Doomed to be strangled by a death un-
clean.

PHILIP.

So there the ships were wrecked?

MESSENGER.

Time had not struck.

O King, we learned how blessed mercy
saves :

Even as our forefoot grounded on the
muck,

Tripping us up to drown us in the waves,
A sudden windshift snatched us from our
graves

And drove us north ; and now another woe,
Tempest unending, beat our ships to
staves —

A never-dying gale with frost and snow.

Now our hearts failed, for food and water
failed ;

The men fell sick by troops, the wounded
died.

They washed about the wet decks as we
sailed

For want of strength to lift them overside.
Desolate seas we sailed, so grim, so wide,
That ship by ship our comrades disap-
peared.

With neither sun nor star to be a guide,
Like spirits of the wretched dead we steered.

Till, having beaten through the Pentland
Pass,

We saw the Irish surf, with mists of spray
Blowing far inland, blasting trees and grass,
And gave God thanks, for we espied a bay
Safe, with bright water running down the
clay —

A running brook where we could drink and
drink.

But drawing near, our ships were cast
away,

Bilged on the rocks; we saw our comrades
sink . . .

Or worse : for those the breakers cast ashore
The Irish killed and stripped ; their bodies
white

Lay naked to the wolves — yea, sixty
score —

All down the windy beach, a piteous sight.
The savage Irish watched by bonfire light
Lest more should come ashore ; we heard
them there

Screaming the bloody news of their delight.
Then we abandoned hope and new despair.

And now the fleet is sunken in the sea,
And all the seamen, 'all the might of Spain,
Are dead, O King, and out of misery,
Never to drag at frozen ropes again —
Never to know defeat, nor feel the pain
Of watching dear companions sink and die.
Death's everlasting armistice to the brain
Gives their poor griefs quietus ; let them lie.

I, like a ghost returning from the grave,
Come from a stricken ship to tell the news
Of Spanish honour which we could not
save,
Nor win again, nor even die to lose ;
And since God's hidden wisdom loves to
bruise
Those whom He loves, we, trembling in
despair,
Will watch our griefs to see God's finger
there,
And make His will our solace and excuse.

Defeat is bitter and the truth is hard —
Spain is defeated, England has prevailed ;
This is the banner which I could not guard,
And this the consecrated sword which
failed.

Do with your dying Captain as you will.

(He lays down sword and banner.)

PHILIP.

I, from my heart, thank God, from whose
great hand

I am so helped with power, I can still
Set out another fleet against that land.

Nor do I think it ill

If all the running water takes its course
While there are unspent fountains at the
source.

He sendeth out His word and melteth
them.

Take back your standard, Captain. As
you go,

Bid the bells toll and let the clergy
come.

Then in the city by the strike of drum
Proclaim a general fast. In bitter days
The soul finds God, God us.

[Exit Captain.]

PHILIP (*alone*).

De Leyva, friend,

Whom I shall never see, never again,

This misery that I feel is over Spain.

O God, beloved God, in pity send

That blessed rose among the thorns — an

end :

Give a bruised spirit peace.

(*He kneels. A muffled march of the drums.*)

CURTAIN.

OTHER POEMS

THE "WANDERER"

ALL day they loitered by the resting ships,
Telling their beauties over, taking stock ;
At night the verdict left my messmates'
 lips,

"The *Wanderer* is the finest ship in dock."

I had not seen her, but a friend, since
 drowned,
Drew her, with painted ports, low, lovely,
 lean,
Saying, "The *Wanderer*, clipper, outward
 bound,

The loveliest ship my eyes have ever seen —

"Perhaps to-morrow you will see her sail.
She sails at sunrise": but the morrow showed

No *Wanderer* setting forth for me to hail ;
Far down the stream men pointed where
she rode,

Rode the great trackway to the sea, dim,
dim,

Already gone before the stars were gone.

I saw her at the sea-line's smoky rim

Grow swiftly vaguer as they towed her on.

Soon even her masts were hidden in the haze
Beyond the city ; she was on her course
To trample billows for a hundred days ;
That afternoon the norther gathered force,

Blowing a small snow from a point of east.

"Oh, fair for her," we said, "to take her
south."

And in our spirits, as the wind increased,
We saw her there, beyond the river mouth,

Setting her side-lights in the wildering dark,
To glint upon mad water, while the gale
Roared like a battle, snapping like a shark,
And drunken seamen struggled with the
sail.

While with sick hearts her mates put out of
mind
Their little children left astern, ashore,
And the gale's gathering made the darkness
blind,
Water and air one intermingled roar.

Then we forgot her, for the fiddlers played,
Dancing and singing held our merry crew ;
The old ship moaned a little as she swayed.
It blew all night, oh, bitter hard it blew !

So that at midnight I was called on deck
To keep an anchor-watch : I heard the sea

Roar past in white procession filled with
wreck ;

Intense bright frosty stars burned over me,

And the Greek brig beside us dipped and
dipped,

White to the muzzle like a half-tide rock,

Drowned to the mainmast with the seas she
shipped ;

Her cable-swivels clanged at every shock.

And like a never-dying force, the wind
Roared till we shouted with it, roared until
Its vast vitality of wrath was thinned,
Had beat its fury breathless and was still.

By dawn the gale had dwindled into flaw,
A glorious morning followed : with my friend
I climbed the fo'c's'le-head to see ; we saw
The waters hurrying shorewards without end.

Haze blotted out the river's lowest reach ;
Out of the gloom the steamers, passing by,
Called with their sirens, hooting their sea-
 speech ;
Out of the dimness others made reply.

And as we watched, there came a rush of
 feet
Charging the fo'c's'le till the hatchway
 shook.

Men all about us thrust their way, or beat,
Crying, "The *Wanderer!* Down the river!
 Look!"

I looked with them towards the dimness ;
 there
Gleamed like a spirit striding out of night,
A full-rigged ship unutterably fair,
Her masts like trees in winter, frosty-
 bright.

Foam trembled at her bows like wisps of
wool ;

She trembled as she towed. I had not
dreamed

That work of man could be so beautiful,
In its own presence and in what it seemed.

"So, she is putting back again," I said.

"How white with frost her yards are on the
fore."

One of the men about me answer made,

"That is not frost, but all her sails are
tore,

"Torn into tatters, youngster, in the gale ;
Her best foul-weather suit gone." It was
true,

Her masts were white with rags of tattered
sail

Many as gannets when the fish are due.

Beauty in desolation was her pride,
Her crowned array a glory that had been ;
She faltered tow'rds us like a swan that died,
But although ruined she was still a queen.

"Put back with all her sails gone," went the
word ;

Then, from her signals flying, rumour ran,
"The sea that stove her boats in killed her
third ;

She has been gutted and has lost a man."

So, as though stepping to a funeral march,
She passed defeated homewards whence she
came,

Ragged with tattered canvas white as starch,
A wild bird that misfortune had made tame.

She was refitted soon : another took

The dead man's office ; then the singers hove

Her capstan till the snapping hawsers shook ;
Out, with a bubble at her bows, she drove.

Again they towed her seawards, and again
We, watching, praised her beauty, praised
her trim,
Saw her fair house-flag flutter at the main,
And slowly saunter seawards, dwindling
dim ;

And wished her well, and wondered, as she
died,
How, when her canvas had been sheeted
home,
Her quivering length would sweep into her
stride,
Making the greenness milky with her foam.

But when we rose next morning, we discerned
Her beauty once again a shattered thing ;

Towing to dock the *Wanderer* returned,
A wounded sea-bird with a broken wing.

A spar was gone, her rigging's disarray
Told of a worse disaster than the last ;
Like draggled hair dishevelled hung the
 stay,
Drooping and beating on the broken mast.

Half-mast upon her flagstaff hung her flag ;
Word went among us how the broken spar
Had gored her captain like an angry stag,
And killed her mate a half-day from the
 bar.

She passed to dock upon the top of flood.
An old man near me shook his head and
 swore :

“Like a bad woman, she has tasted blood —
There'll be no trusting in her any more.”

We thought it truth, and when we saw her
there

Lying in dock, beyond, across the stream,
We would forget that we had called her fair,
We thought her murderess and the past a
dream.

And when she sailed again, we watched in awe,
Wondering what bloody act her beauty
planned,

What evil lurked behind the thing we saw,
What strength was there that thus annulled
man's hand,

How next its triumph would compel man's
will

Into compliance with external Fate,
How next the powers would use her to work
ill

On suffering men ; we had not long to wait.

For soon the outcry of derision rose,
"Here comes the *Wanderer!*" the expected
cry.

Guessing the cause, our mockings joined with
those
Yelled from the shipping as they towed her
by.

She passed us close, her seamen paid no
heed
To what was called: they stood, a sullen
group,
Smoking and spitting, careless of her need,
Mocking the orders given from the poop.

Her mates and boys were working her; we
stared.

What was the reason of this strange return,
This third annulling of the thing prepared?
No outward evil could our eyes discern.

Only like one who having formed a plan
Beyond the pitch of common minds, she
 sailed,
Mocked and deserted by the common man,
Made half divine to me for having failed.

We learned the reason soon ; below the town
A stay had parted like a snapping reed,
"Warning," the men thought, "not to take
 her down."

They took the omen, they would not proceed.

Days passed before another crew would sign.
The *Wanderer* lay in dock alone, unmanned,
Feared as a thing possessed by powers malign,
Bound under curses not to leave the land.

But under passing Time fear passes too ;
That terror passed, the sailors' hearts grew
 bold.

We learned in time that she had found a crew
And was bound out and southwards as of
old.

And in contempt we thought, "A little while
Will bring her back again, dismantled,
spoiled.

It is herself; she cannot change her style;
She has the habit now of being foiled."

So when a ship appeared among the haze,
We thought, "The *Wanderer* back again";
but no,
No *Wanderer* showed for many, many days,
Her passing lights made other waters glow.

But we would often think and talk of her,
Tell newer hands her story, wondering, then,
Upon what ocean she was *Wanderer*,
Bound to the cities built by foreign men.

And one by one our little conclave thinned,
Passed into ships and sailed and so away,
To drown in some great roaring of the wind,
Wanderers themselves, unhappy fortune's
prey.

And Time went by me making memory dim,
Yet still I wondered if the *Wanderer* fared
Still pointing to the unreached ocean's rim,
Brightening the water where her breast was
bared.

And much in ports abroad I eyed the ships,
Hoping to see her well-remembered form
Come with a curl of bubbles at her lips
Bright to her berth, the sovereign of the storm.

I never did, and many years went by,
Then, near a Southern port, one Christmas
Eve,

I watched a gale go roaring through the sky,
Making the caldrons of the clouds upheave.

Then the wrack tattered and the stars
appeared,

Millions of stars that seemed to speak in
fire ;

A byre cock cried aloud that morning neared,
The swinging wind-vane flashed upon the
spire.

And soon men looked upon a glittering earth,
Intensely sparkling like a world new-born ;
Only to look was spiritual birth,
So bright the raindrops ran along the thorn.

So bright they were, that one could almost
pass
Beyond their twinkling to the source, and
know

The glory pushing in the blade of grass,
That hidden soul which makes the flowers
grow.

That soul was there apparent, not revealed,
Unearthly meanings covered every tree,
That wet grass grew in an immortal field,
Those waters fed some never-wrinkled sea.

The scarlet berries in the hedge stood out
Like revelations but the tongue unknown ;
Even in the brooks a joy was quick : the
trout

Rushed in a dumbness dumb to me alone.

All of the valley was aloud with brooks ;
I walked the morning, breasting up the fells,
Taking again lost childhood from the rooks,
Whose cawing came above the Christmas
bells.

I had not walked that glittering world before,
But up the hill a prompting came to me,
"This line of upland runs along the shore :
Beyond the hedgerow I shall see the sea."

And on the instant from beyond away
That long familiar sound, a ship's bell, broke
The hush below me in the unseen bay.
Old memories came : that inner prompting
spoke.

And bright above the hedge a seagull's
wings
Flashed and were steady upon empty air.
"A Power unseen," I cried, "prepares these
things ;
Those are her bells, the *Wanderer* is there."

So, hurrying to the hedge and looking down,
I saw a mighty bay's wind-crinkled blue

Ruffling the image of a tranquil town,
With lapsing waters glittering as they grew.

And near me in the road the shipping swung,
So stately and so still in such great peace
That like to drooping crests their colours
 hung,

Only their shadows trembled without cease.

I did but glance upon those anchored ships.
Even as my thought had told, I saw her plain ;
Tense, like a supple athlete with lean hips,
Swiftness at pause, the *Wanderer* come
 again —

Come as of old a queen, untouched by Time,
Resting the beauty that no seas could tire,
Sparkling, as though the midnight's rain
 were rime,

Like a man's thought transfigured into fire.

And as I looked, one of her men began
To sing some simple tune of Christmas day ;
Among her crew the song spread, man to man,
Until the singing rang across the bay ;

And soon in other anchored ships the men
Joined in the singing with clear throats, until
The farm-boy heard it up the windy glen,
Above the noise of sheep-bells on the hill.

Over the water came the lifted song —
Blind pieces in a mighty game we swing ;
Life's battle is a conquest for the strong ;
The meaning shows in the defeated thing.

AUGUST, 1914

How still this quiet cornfield is to-night !
By an intenser glow the evening falls,
Bringing, not darkness, but a deeper light ;
Among the stooks a partridge covey calls.

The windows glitter on the distant hill ;
Beyond the hedge the sheep-bells in the fold
Stumble on sudden music and are still ;
The forlorn pinewoods droop above the wold.

An endless quiet valley reaches out
Past the blue hills into the evening sky ;
Over the stubble, cawing, goes a rout
Of rooks from harvest, flagging as they fly.

So beautiful it is, I never saw
So great a beauty on these English fields,

Touched by the twilight's coming into awe,
Ripe to the soul and rich with summer's
yields.

* * * * *

These homes, this valley spread below me
here,

The rooks, the tilted stacks, the beasts in pen,
Have been the heartfelt things, past-speaking
dear

To unknown generations of dead men,

Who, century after century, held these farms,
And, looking out to watch the changing sky,
Heard, as we hear, the rumours and alarms
Of war at hand and danger pressing nigh.

And knew, as we know, that the message
meant

The breaking off of ties, the loss of friends,

Death, like a miser getting in his rent,
And no new stones laid where the trackway
ends.

The harvest not yet won, the empty bin,
The friendly horses taken from the stalls,
The fallow on the hill not yet brought in,
The cracks unplastered in the leaking walls.

Yet heard the news, and went discouraged
home,
And brooded by the fire with heavy mind,
With such dumb loving of the Berkshire
loam
As breaks the dumb hearts of the English
kind,

Then sadly rose and left the well-loved
Downs,
And so by ship to sea, and knew no more

The fields of home, the byres, the market
towns,

Nor the dear outline of the English shore,

But knew the misery of the soaking trench,
The freezing in the rigging, the despair
In the revolting second of the wrench
When the blind soul is flung upon the air,

And died (uncouthly, most) in foreign lands
For some idea but dimly understood
Of an English city never built by hands
Which love of England prompted and made
good.

* * * * *

If there be any life beyond the grave,
It must be near the men and things we love,
Some power of quick suggestion how to save,
Touching the living soul as from above.

An influence from the Earth from those dead
 hearts

So passionate once, so deep, so truly kind,
That in the living child the spirit starts,
Feeling companioned still, not left behind.

Surely above these fields a spirit broods,
A sense of many watchers muttering near
Of the lone Downland with the forlorn woods
Loved to the death, inestimably dear.

A muttering from beyond the veils of Death
From long-dead men, to whom this quiet
 scene

Came among blinding tears with the last
 breath,
The dying soldier's vision of his queen.

All the unspoken worship of those lives
Spent in forgotten wars at other calls

Glimmers upon these fields where evening
drives

Beauty like breath, so gently darkness falls.

Darkness that makes the meadows holier
still,

The elm-trees sadden in the hedge, a sigh
Moves in the beech-clump on the haunted
hill,

The rising planets deepen in the sky,

And silence broods like spirit on the brae,
A glimmering moon begins, the moonlight
runs

Over the grasses of the ancient way
Rutted this morning by the passing guns.

THE RIVER

ALL other waters have their time of peace,
Calm, or the turn of tide or summer drought ;
But on these bars the tumults never cease,
In violent death this river passes out.

Brimming she goes, a bloody-coloured rush
Hurrying her heaped disorder, rank on rank,
Bubbleless speed so still that in the hush
One hears the mined earth dropping from the
bank,

Slipping in little falls whose tingeings drown,
Sunk by the waves for ever pressing on.
Till with a stripping crash the tree goes
down,
Its washing branches flounder and are gone.

Then, roaring out aloud, her water spreads,
Making a desolation where her waves
Shriek and give battle, tossing up their heads,
Tearing the shifting sandbanks into graves,

Changing the raddled ruin of her course
So swiftly, that the pilgrim on the shore
Hears the loud whirlpool laughing like a horse
Where the scurfed sand was parched an hour
before.

And always underneath that heaving tide
The changing bottom runs, or piles, or quakes
Flinging immense heaps up to wallow wide,
Sucking the surface into whirls like snakes.

If anything should touch that shifting sand,
All the blind bottom sucks it till it sinks ;
It takes the clipper ere she comes to land,
It takes the thirsting tiger as he drinks.

And on the river pours — it never tires ;
Blind, hungry, screaming, day and night the
 same
Purposeless hurry of a million ires,
Mad as the wind, as merciless as flame.

* * * * *

There was a full-rigged ship, the *Travancore*,
Towing to port against that river's rage —
A glittering ship made sparkling for the
 shore,
Taut to the pins in all her equipage.

Clanging, she topped the tide ; her sails were
 furled,
Her men came loitering downwards from the
 yards ;
They who had brought her half across the
 world,
Trampling so many billows into shards,

Now looking up, beheld their duty done,
The ship approaching port, the great masts
bare,
Gaunt as three giants striding in the sun,
Proud, with the colours tailing out like hair.

So, having coiled their gear, they left the
deck ;

Within the fo'c'sle's gloom of banded steel,
Mottled like wood with many a painted speck,
They brought their plates and sat about a
meal.

Then pushing back the tins, they lit their
pipes,

Or slept, or played at cards, or gently spoke,
Light from the portholes shot in dusty
stripes

Tranquilly moving, sometimes blue with
smoke.

These sunbeams sidled when the vessel rolled,
Their lazy yellow dust-strips crossed the floor,
Lighting a man-hole leading to the hold,
A man-hole leaded down the day before.

Like gold the solder on the man-hole shone ;
A few flies threading in a drowsy dance
Slept in their pattern, darted, and were gone.
The river roared against the ship's advance.

And quietly sleep came upon the crew,
Man by man drooped upon his arms and
slept ;

Without, the tugboat dragged the vessel
through,

The rigging whined, the yelling water leapt,

Till blindly a careering wave's collapse
Rose from beneath her bows and spouted
high,

Spiriting the fo'c'sle floor with noisy slaps ;
A sleeper at the table heaved a sigh,

And lurched, half-drunk with sleep, across
the floor,

Muttering and blinking like a man insane,
Cursed at the river's tumult, shut the door,
Blinked, and lurched back and fell asleep
again.

Then there was greater silence in the room,
Ship's creakings ran along the beams and
died,

The lazy sunbeams loitered up the gloom,
Stretching and touching till they reached the
side.

* * * * *

Yet something jerking in the vessel's course
Told that the tug was getting her in hand

As, at a fence, one steadies down a horse,
To rush the whirlpool on Magellan Sand ;

And in the uneasy water just below
Her Mate inquired "if the men should stir
And come on deck?" Her Captain answered
"No,
Let them alone, the tug can manage her."

Then, as she settled down and gathered
speed,
Her Mate inquired again "if they should
come
Just to be ready there in case of need,
Since, on such godless bars, there might be
some."

But "No," the Captain said, "the men have
been
Boxing about since midnight, let them be.

The pilot's able and the ship's a queen,
The hands can rest until we come to quay."

They ceased, they took their stations; right
ahead

The whirlpool heaped and sucked; in tenor
tone

The steady leadsman chanted at the lead,
The ship crept forward trembling to the bone.

And just above the worst a passing wave
Brought to the line such unexpected stress]
That as she tossed her bows her towrope
gave,
Snapped at the collar like a stalk of cress.

Then, for a ghastly moment, she was loose,
Blind in the whirlpool, groping for a guide,
Swinging adrift without a moment's truce,
She struck the sand and fell upon her side.

And instantly the sand beneath her gave
So that she righted and again was flung,
Grinding the quicksand open for a grave,
Straining her masts until the steel was sprung.

The foremast broke ; its mighty bulk of steel
Fell on the fo'c'sle door and jammed it tight ;
The sand-rush heaped her to an even keel,
She settled down, resigned, she made no
fight,

But, like an overladen beast, she lay
Dumb in the mud with billows at her lips,
Broken, where she had fallen in the way,
Grinding her grave among the bones of ships.

* * * * *

At the first crashing of the mast, the men
Sprang from their sleep to hurry to the
deck ;

They found that Fate had caught them in a
pen,
The door that opened out was jammed with
wreck.

Then, as, with shoulders down, their gathered
strength
Hove on the door, but could not make it
stir,
They felt the vessel tremble through her
length ;
The tug, made fast again, was plucking
her.

Plucking, and causing motion, till it seemed
That she would get her off ; they heard her
screw
Mumble the bubbled rip-rap as she steamed ;
“Please God, the tug will shift her !” said
the crew.

“She’s off!” the seamen said; they felt her
glide,
Scraping the bottom with her bilge, until
Something collapsing clanged along her side;
The scraping stopped, the tugboat’s screw
was still.

“She’s holed!” a voice without cried; “holed
and jammed —
Holed on the old *Magellan*, sunk last June.
I lose my ticket and the men are damned;
They’ll drown like rats unless we free them
soon.

“My God, they shall not!” and the speaker
beat
Blows with a crow upon the foremast’s
wreck;
Minute steel splinters fell about his feet,
No tremour stirred the ruin on the deck.

And as their natures bade, the seamen learned
That they were doomed within that buried
door ;

Some cursed, some raved, but one among
them turned

Straight to the manhole leaded in the floor,

And sitting down astride it, drew his knife,
And staidly dug to pick away the lead,
While at the ports his fellows cried for life :
“Burst in the door, or we shall all be dead !”

For like a brook the leak below them clucked.
They felt the vessel settling ; they could feel
How the blind bog beneath her gripped and
sucked.

Their fingers beat their prison walls of steel.

And then the gurgling stopped — the ship
was still.

She stayed ; she sank no deeper — an arrest

Fothered the pouring leak ; she ceased to fill.
She trod the mud, drowned only to the breast.

And probing at the well, the captain found
The leak no longer rising, so he cried :

“She is not sinking — you will not be
drowned ;
The shifting sand has silted up her side.

“Now there is time. The tug shall put
ashore

And fetch explosives to us from the town ;
I’ll burst the house or blow away the door
(It will not kill you if you all lie down).

“Be easy in your minds, for you’ll be free
As soon as we’ve the blast.” The seamen
heard

The tug go townwards, butting at the sea ;
Some lit their pipes, the youngest of them
cheered.

But still the digger bent above the lid,
Gouging the solder from it as at first,
Pecking the lead, intent on what he did ;
The other seamen mocked at him or cursed.

And some among them nudged him as he
picked.

He cursed them, grinning, but resumed his
game ;

His knife-point sometimes struck the lid and
clicked.

The solder-pellets shone like silver flame.

And still his knife-blade clicked like ticking
time

Counting the hour till the tug's return,
And still the ship stood steady on the
slime,

While Fate above her fingered with her urn.

Then from the tug beside them came the hail :

“They have none at the stores, nor at the
dock,

Nor at the quarry, so I tried the gaol.

They thought they had, but it was out of
stock.

“So then I telephoned to town ; they say
They’ve sent an engine with some to the
pier ;

I did not leave till it was on its way,

A tug is waiting there to bring it here :

“It can’t be here, though, for an hour or
more ;

I’ve lost an hour in trying, as it is.

For want of thought commend me to the
shore.

You’d think they’d know their river’s ways
by this.”

“So there is nothing for it but to wait,”
The Captain answered, fuming. “Until
then,
We’d better go to dinner, Mr. Mate.”
The cook brought dinner forward to the
men.

* * * * *

Another hour of prison loitered by;
The strips of sunlight stiffened at the port,
But still the digger made the pellets fly,
Paying no heed to his companions’ sport,
While they, about him, spooning at their tins,
Asked if he dug because he found it cold,
Or whether it was penance for his sins,
Or hope of treasure in the forward hold.
He grinned and cursed, but did not cease
to pick,
His sweat dropped from him when he bent
his head,

His knife-blade quarried down, till with a
click

Its grinded thinness snapped against the
lead.

Then, dully rising, brushing back his sweat,
He asked his fellows for another knife.

“Never,” they said; “man, what d’ye
hope to get?”

“Nothing,” he said, “except a chance for
life.”

“Havers,” they said, and one among them
growled,

“You’ll get no knife from any here to
break.

You’ve dug the manhole since the door
was fouled,

And now your knife’s broke, quit, for Jesus’
sake.”

But one, who smelt a bargain, changed his
tone,
Offering a sheath-knife for the task in hand
At twenty times its value, as a loan
To be repaid him when they reached the
land.

And there was jesting at the lender's greed
And mockery at the digger's want of sense,
Closing with such a bargain without need,
Since in an hour the tug would take them
thence.

But "Right," the digger said. The deal
was made
He took the borrowed knife, and sitting
down
Gouged at the channelled solder with the
blade,
Saying, "Let be, it's better dig than drown."

And nothing happened for a while; the heat
Grew in the stuffy room, the sunlight slid,
Flies buzzed about and jostled at the meat,
The knife-blade clicked upon the manhole
lid :

And one man said, "She takes a hell of
time
Bringing the blaster," and another snored ;
One, between pipe-puffs, hummed a smutty
rhyme,
One, who was weaving, thudded with his
sword.

It was as though the ship were in a dream,
Caught in a magic ocean, calm like death,
Tranced, till a presence should arise and
gleam,
Making the waters conscious with her
breath

It was so drowsy that the river's cries,
Roaring aloud their ever-changing tune,
Came to those sailors like the drone of flies,
Filling with sleep the summer afternoon.

So that they slept, or, if they spoke, it was
Only to worry lest the tug should come:
Such power upon the body labour has
That prison seemed a blessed rest to some,

Till one man leaning at the port-hole,
stared,

Checking his yawning at the widest stretch,
Then blinked and swallowed, while he
muttered, scared,

“That blasting-cotton takes an age to
fetch.”

Then swiftly passing from the port he went
Up and then down the fo'c'sle till he stayed,

Fixed at the port-hole with his eyes intent,
Round-eyed and white, as if he were
afraid,

And muttered as he stared, "My God!
she is.

She's deeper than she was, she's settling
down.

That palm-tree top was steady against this,
And now I see the quay below the town.

"Look here at her. She's sinking in her
tracks.

She's going down by inches as she stands;
The water's darker and it stinks like flax,
Her going down is churning up the sands."

And instantly a panic took the crew,
Even the digger blenched; his knife-blade's
haste

Cutting the solder witnessed that he knew
Time on the brink with not a breath to
waste.

While far away the tugboat at the quay
Under her drooping pennon waited still
For that explosive which would set them
free,
Free, with the world a servant to their will.

Then from a boat beside them came a blare,
Urging that tugboat to be quick; and men
Shouted to stir her from her waiting there,
“Hurry the blast, and get us out of pen.

“She’s going down. She’s going down,
man! Quick!”

The tugboat did not stir, no answer came;
They saw her tongue-like pennon idly lick
Clear for an instant, lettered with her name.

Then droop again. The engine had not
come,

The blast had not arrived. The prisoned
hands

Saw her still waiting though their time had
come,

Their ship was going down among the sands,

Going so swiftly now, that they could see
The banks arising as she made her bed ;
Full of sick sound she settled deathward,
she

Gurgled and shook, the digger picked the
lead.

And, as she paused to take a final plunge,
Prone like a half-tide rock, the men on deck
Jumped to their boats and left, ere like a
sponge

The river's rotten heart absorbed the wreck ;

And on the perilous instant ere Time struck
The digger's work was done, the lead was
cleared,

He cast the manhole up; below it muck
Floated, the hold was full, the water leered.

All of his labour had but made a hole
By which to leap to death; he saw black
dust

Float on the bubbles of that brimming
bowl,

He drew a breath and took his life in trust,

And plunged head foremost into that black
pit,

Where floating cargo bumped against the
beams.

He groped a choking passage blind with grit,
The roaring in his ears was shot with
screams.

So, with a bursting heart and roaring ears
He floundered in that sunk ship's inky
womb,

Drowned in deep water for what seemed
like years,

Buried alive and groping through the tomb,

Till suddenly the beams against his back
Gave, and the water on his eyes was bright ;
He shot up through a hatchway foul with
wrack

Into clean air and life and dazzling light,

And striking out, he saw the fo'c'sle gone,
Vanished, below the water, and the mast
Standing columnar from the sea ; it shone
Proud, with its colours flying to the last.

And all about, a many-wrinkled tide
Smoothed and erased its eddies, wander-
ing chilled,

Like gluttoned purpose, trying to decide
If its achievement had been what it willed.

And men in boats were there; they helped
him in.

He gulped for breath and watched that
patch of smooth,

Shaped like the vessel, wrinkle into grin,
Furrow to waves and bare a yellow tooth.

Then the masts leaned until the shroud-
screws gave.

All disappeared — her masts, her colours,
all.

He saw the yardarms tilting to the grave;
He heard the siren of a tugboat call,

And saw her speeding, foaming at the bow,
Bringing the blast-charge that had come
too late.

He heard one shout, "It isn't wanted
now."

Time's minute-hand had been the hand of
Fate.

Then the boats turned; they brought him
to the shore.

Men crowded round him, touched him, and
were kind;

The Mate walked with him, silent, to the
store.

He said, "We've left the best of us behind."

Then, as he wrung his sodden clothes, the
Mate

Gave him a drink of rum, and talked
awhile

Of men and ships and unexpected Fate;

And darkness came and cloaked the river's
guile,

So that its huddled hurry was not seen,
Only made louder, till the full moon
 climbed
Over the forest, floated, and was queen.
Within the town a temple-belfry chimed.

Then, upon silent pads, a tiger crept
Down to the river-brink, and crouching
 there
Watched it intently, till you thought he
 slept
But for his ghastly eye and stiffened hair.

Then, trembling at a lust more fell than his,
He roared and bounded back to coverts
 lone,
Where, among moonlit beauty, slaughter
 is,
Filling the marvellous night with myriad
 groan.

WATCHING BY A SICK-BED

I HEARD the wind all day,
And what it was trying to say.
I heard the wind all night
Rave as it ran to fight ;
After the wind the rain,
And then the wind again
Running across the hill
As it runs still.

And all day long the sea
Would not let the land be,
But all night heaped her sand
On to the land ;
I saw her glimmer white
All through the night,
Tossing the horrid hair
Still tossing there.

And all day long the stone
Felt how the wind was blown ;
And all night long the rock
Stood the sea's shock ;
While, from the window, I
Looked out, and wondered why,
Why at such length
Such force should fight such strength.

NOTE

The River, which is contained in this volume, was first published in the *Century Magazine*; *The Wanderer* in *Harper's Magazine*; *Watching by a Sick-Bed* and *August, 1914* in *Harper's Weekly*. I thank the editors of these periodicals for permission to reprint them here.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

NEW Poems and Plays published by
The Macmillan Company.

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

The Tragedy of Pompey the Great

Cloth, 12mo, \$1.25 postage extra.

“To one who reads Mr. Masefield’s great play with a close understanding of his meaning there cannot be too high a praise with which to applaud the achievement. Though classical in theme and characters, it is free from those blemishes of pedantry which usually attend such efforts by modern dramatists, and the reason is that Mr. Masefield is frankly concerned with a vital purpose in character that is neither ancient nor modern, and strengthens his purpose by using the same direct and vibrant prose that he uses in his English pastoral tragedy of ‘Nan.’”
— *Boston Transcript*.

“‘The Tragedy of Pompey the Great’ is different. Masefield approaches it in the same spirit of freedom from convention, with the same boldness of the actual which one finds in his previous work. He is no statuesque Pompey, spouting prose lines masquerading as poetry. Masefield has given us Pompey, the man. He has made human the men who surrounded the old Roman. And his drama is in modern prose, yet strikes no note of discord.” — *The Pittsburgh Post*.

“He makes the character of Pompey vivid from the start.”
— *San Francisco Chronicle*.

“It is an astonishing concise piece of writing, in which dramatic unities are respected, as well as the limitations of the stage, to such an extent that the play would be almost conventional were it not for the fact that it adds another splendid figure to modern English drama. . . . The character that Masefield has drawn with undoubted historical accuracy, as well as fine feeling, is a really superb figure.” — *Brooklyn Daily Eagle*.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

New Books

By JOHN MASEFIELD

SALT WATER BALLADS

Cloth 12mo \$1.00 postage extra

"Masefield has prisoned in verse the spirit of life at sea." — *New York Sun*.

". . . full of memorable sea pictures." — *San Francisco Chronicle*.

". . . shows Masefield at his best." — *Philadelphia Record*.

". . . real poetry, musical and spontaneous." — *Literary Digest*.

A MAINSAIL HAUL

Cloth 12mo \$1.25 postage extra

"The cruelty, the primitive and passionate brutality, the rough fearlessness, the superstitious horror and fantasy, of human nature under the spell of the sea and the tyranny of ships, are in these pages as we find them in the pages of a very few of the renowned sea writers." — *Boston Transcript*.

"There is strength about everything Masefield writes that compels the feeling that he has an inward eye on which he draws to shape new films of old pictures. In these pictures is freshness combined with power." — *New York Globe*.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers 64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

New Editions of
JOHN MASEFIELD'S
Other Works

THE DAFFODIL FIELDS

Second Edition. \$1.25

"Neither in the design nor in the telling did, or could, 'Enoch Arden' come near the artistic truth of 'The Daffodil Fields.'"—Sir QUILLER-COUCH, *Cambridge University*.

**THE STORY OF A ROUND-HOUSE,
AND OTHER POEMS**

New and Revised Edition. \$1.30

"The story of that rounding of the Horn! Never in prose has the sea been so tremendously described."—*Chicago Evening Post*.

**THE EVERLASTING MERCY and THE
WIDOW IN THE BYE STREET**

(Awarded the Royal Society of Literature's prize of \$500.)

New and Revised Edition. \$1.25

"Mr. Masefield comes like a flash of light across contemporary English poetry. The improbable has been accomplished; he has made poetry out of the very material that has refused to yield it for almost a score of years."—*Boston Evening Transcript*.

PUBLISHED BY

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S NEW DRAMA

The King of the Dark Chamber

By

RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Nobel Prizeman in Literature, 1913; Author of "Gitan-gali," "The Gardener," "The Crescent Moon," "Sadhana," "Chitra," "The Post-Office," etc. Cloth 12 mo, \$1.25

"The real poetical imagination of it is unchangeable; the allegory, subtle and profound and yet simple, is cast into the form of a dramatic narrative, which moves with unconventional freedom to a finely impressive climax; and the reader, who began in idle curiosity, finds his intelligence more and more engaged until, when he turns the last page, he has the feeling of one who has been moving in worlds not realized, and communing with great if mysterious presences."

The London Globe.

PUBLISHED BY

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers 64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

Plaster Saints

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL. Cloth, 12mo. \$1.25

A new play of deep social significance.

The Melting Pot

BY ISRAEL ZANGWILL. Revised edition. Cloth, 12mo.

This is a revised edition of what is perhaps Mr. Zangwill's most popular play. Numerous changes have been made in the text, which has been considerably lengthened thereby. The appeal of the drama to the readers of this country is particularly strong, in that it deals with that great social process by which all nationalities are blended together for the making of the real American.

Sword Blades and Poppy Seed

BY AMY LOWELL, Author of "A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass." Boards, 12mo. \$1.25

Of the poets who to-day are doing the interesting and original work, there is no more striking and unique figure than Amy Lowell. The foremost American member of the "Imagists"—a group of poets that includes William Butler Yeats, Ezra Pound, Ford Madox Hueffer—she has won wide recognition for her writing in new and free forms of poetical expression. Miss Lowell's present volume of poems, "Sword Blades and Poppy Seed," is an unusual book. It contains much perhaps that will arouse criticism, but it is a new note in American poetry. Miss Lowell has broken away from academic traditions and written, out of her own time, real singing poetry, free, full of new effects and subtleties.

PUBLISHED BY

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers 64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

The Congo and Other Poems

BY VACHEL LINDSAY. Cloth, 12mo. \$1.25

In the readings which he has given throughout the country Mr. Lindsay has won the approbation of the critics and of his audiences in general for the new verse form which he is employing. The wonderful effects of sound produced by his lines, their relation to the idea which the author seeks to convey and their marvelous lyrical quality are something, it is maintained, quite out of the ordinary and suggest new possibilities and new meanings in poetry. In this book are presented a number of Mr. Lindsay's most daring experiments, that is to say they *were* experiments when they were first tried; they have been more than justified by their reception. It is believed that the volume will be one of the most discussed of all the year's output.

Borderlands and Thoroughfares

BY WILFRID WILSON GIBSON, Author of "Daily Bread,"
"Fires," "Womenkind," etc. Cloth, 12mo. \$1.25

With the publication of *Daily Bread* Mr. Gibson was hailed as a new poet of the people. *Fires*, his later volume, confirmed the impression that here was a man whose writing was close to real life, a man in whom were combined a sympathy and appreciation of humankind with a rare lyrical genius. This present book continues the work which Mr. Gibson can do so well. In it are brought together three plays and a number of short lyrics which reveal again his very decided talent. It is a collection which should indeed gratify those students of modern verse who are looking to such men as Gibson and Masfield for permanent and representative contributions to literature.

PUBLISHED BY

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers 64-66 Fifth Avenue New York

Earth Triumphant and Other Tales in Verse

BY CONRAD AIKEN

Cloth, 12mo, \$1.25

Conrad Aiken is one of the first American writers to choose to tell his stories in verse. Helston, Masefield, and other Europeans have been doing it with marked success, but hitherto this country has had no notable representative in this line of endeavor. Though Mr. Aiken has been writing for a number of years, *Earth Triumphant and Other Tales in Verse* is his first published book. In it are contained, in addition to the several narratives of modern life, a number of shorter lyrics. It is a volume distinguished by originality and power.

Van Zorn : A Comedy in Three Acts

BY EDWIN A. ROBINSON

Cloth, 12mo, \$1.25

This play makes delightful reading and introduces in the person of its author a playwright of considerable promise. Mr. Robinson tells an interesting story, one which by a clever arrangement of incident and skillful characterization arouses strongly the reader's curiosity and keeps it unsatisfied to the end. The dialogue is bright and the construction of the plot shows the work of one well versed in the technique of the drama.

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

A LIST OF PLAYS

Leonid Andreyev's Anathema	\$1.25
Clyde Fitch's The Climbers75
Girl with the Green Eyes	1.25
Her Own Way75
Stubbornness of Geraldine75
The Truth75
Hermann Hagedorn's Makers of Madness	1.00
Thomas Hardy's The Dynasts. 3 Parts. Each	1.50
Henry Arthur Jones's	
Whitewashing of Julia75
Saints and Sinners75
The Crusaders75
Michael and His Lost Angel75
Jack London's Scorn of Women	1.25
Theft	1.25
Mackaye's Jean D'Arc	1.25
Sappho and Phaon	1.25
Fenris the Wolf	1.25
Mater	1.25
Canterbury Pilgrims	1.25
The Scarecrow	1.25
A Garland to Sylvia	1.25
John Masefield's The Tragedy of Pompey	1.25
Philip the King	1.25
William Vaughn Moody's	
The Faith Healer	1.25
Stephen Phillip's Ulysses	1.25
The Sin of David	1.25
Nero	1.25
Pietro of Siena	1.00
Phillips and Carr. Faust	1.25
Edward Sheldon's The Nigger	1.25
Romance	1.25
Katrina Trask's In the Vanguard	1.25
Rabindranath Tagore's The Post Office	1.00
Chitra	1.00
The King of the Dark Chamber	1.25
Edwin A. Robinson's Van Zorn	1.25
Sarah King Wiley's Coming of Philibert	1.25
Alcestis75
Yeats' Poems and Plays, Vol. II, Revised Edition	2.00
Hour Glass (and others)	1.25
The Green Helmet and Other Poems	1.25
Yeats and Lady Gregory's Unicorn from the Stars	1.50
Israel Zangwill's The Melting Pot, New Edition	1.25
The War God	1.25
The Next Religion	1.25
Plaster Saints	1.25

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

Publishers

64-66 Fifth Avenue

New York

PR6025 A84P45 1915
Masefield, John 1878-1967.
Philip, the king, and other
poems.

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



AA 000 555 247 6



3 1210 00195 6422

